

The World

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"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

The grandest tribute—the noblest monument—to a great and blameless life is the heartick anxiety with which the civilized world has for three days hung upon every bulletin from the Vatican.

Catholic, Protestant, agnostic, followers of each and every belief have viewed with a more than personal interest all the varying phases of the venerable Pontiff's illness. This deep concern is not alone due to His Holiness's high office, but to his respect-compelling attributes as a man.

There is no sect, no denomination, no creed, no racial nor religious division in the world-wide sorrow over Leo XIII. The universal grief is both a tribute to the Pope and a proof of the admiration and reverence that the example of a noble life can still excite in even the worldliest heart.

GOTHAM'S NEXT PRINCE.

Local bandmasters are beginning to rummage their music racks in search for "Die Wacht am Rhein." Orators are planning complimentary allusions to the Hohenzollern family. Men who seek reelection-committee jobs are brushing up their dusty knowledge of German. Prince Adalbert, third son of der wohlgebohren, gnadiger Kaiser Wilhelm der Zweite, is expected.

Ten years ago the sight of royalty was so rare in New York that the streets were literally jammed with struggling people who sought a fleeting glimpse of the Infanta Eulalia. Older men, who could recall the Prince of Wales's visit in the '60s, were local heroes. Since then, however, princes have grown to be well nigh as frequent sights in Gotham as disinterested politicians. Prince Henry, Prince Salm-Salm, Grand Duke Boris, Prince Li Hung Chang, the Crown Prince of Siam and a long line of others have, during the past decade, feasted free-born American eyes almost to satiety. Nothing short of a real, guaranteed, union-made king can now excite the old-time curiosity of New Yorkers.

Nevertheless, Prince Adalbert may be assured of a royal welcome. If he possesses many of his Uncle Henry's attributes this welcome will deepen into personal friendship in the breast of every one who meets him.

UP-TO-DATE KEEL-HAULING.

An actor claims that the master-at-arms on a local steamship trussed him up by the wrists in old-time whipping-post fashion, and left him for hours in that posture. If the actor's charge be true, such punishment (whether provoked or not) is worthier of the eighteenth century "floating Inferno" merchantman than of a modern passenger line.

One reads with loathing of the ancient practice of keel-hauling, of the over-busy belaying pin and of the mast-head floggings of "those thieving merchant captains" whereof Kingsley sang. "Who flogged men and keel-hauled them and starved them to the bone." Yet the men thus treated were members of the crew, having shipped presumably with full knowledge of what they might expect. They were not passengers who had paid in advance of courteous treatment.

The actor's story merits the closest investigation. If it is false he should be sued for heavy damages for voicing such a libel. If it is true a mere civil suit is insufficient punishment for the brutes who perpetrated or permitted so inexcusable an outrage.

NOT REALLY "WELL LOST."

The latest chapter of the so-called "romance" of the Princess Chimay and Rigo the gypsy, adds one more item to the crushing weight of argument against that ancient maxim which declares "the world well lost for love." Princess Louise of Saxony has added her quota to this mass of evidence, as have millions of less notable but perhaps more worthy women.

Woman, says Kipling, is "long in learning." But surely the countless "terrible examples" of the Chimay type should in time begin to impress on women the fact that true happiness is only to be found in the home of her husband and in the respect of her friends. Not until she has voluntarily cast aside these bulwarks of bliss does she realize their true value and the futility of seeking any adequate substitutes for them.

The world may, in truth, be "well lost for love." But the impulse which tempts a woman to discard home ties and to disgrace those who were once dear to her is not love. It is a species of insanity and should be treated as such.

A STERN CHASE.

The Sandfordites, who have been "chasing the devil" through New England, report that they have got his Satanic majesty safely headed for New York. The chase is, at last accounts, raging southward through Connecticut with the quarry still well in the lead.

Almost any morning now waking Gothamites may expect to see the hue and cry dash down Broadway. Old Nick limping wearily toward the Battery in one last effort to keep ahead of his pursuers. Satan, according to reformers, has many warm friends in Manhattan, and these partisans may be reasonably expected to strew the trail with red pepper, obliterate the cloven-hoof tracks and in divers other ways delude the hunters.

If after accomplishing their object the Sandfordites still have any left over energy, their attention is respectfully called to the "L" car hog, to the subway rubbly, to the exposed third rail, to the midnight piano-player and to the man who asks: "Is it hot enough for you?"

30,000 TEACHERS IN BOSTON.

How would you like to be in Boston? There are 30,000 school-teachers from every part of the country meeting there in the forty-second annual convention of the National Educational Association. The majority of them are women. They are the flower of America's feminine intellect and without doubt many of them are "peaches" in a pulchritudinous sense. So much womanly beauty set down in the blue-stockings metropolis must turn its tortuous and narrow streets into veritable garden paths, and make it a lovely and enchanted spot for the Boston or any other man.

The schoolmarm of to-day hasn't got gray curls hanging down in front of her ears and doesn't wear tortoiseshell spectacles. She's a glad, light-hearted, bright-faced, shirt-waisty sort of girl, young and full of life and love, and the old fellows who see her bounding along to school in the morning can't help wishing they were back in their grammar and history days with this charming creature to teach them.

Boston doesn't know how blessed it is—or maybe it does know—in having so many thousand female school-teachers in its brainy midst.

TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

NON-MOT of Judge Gleagitch's is quoted to-day in a half-dozen law offices. The Judge, it seems, has a friend who is fond of moralizing. During a recent conversation the theme turned on old age.

"Old age," observed this friend pompously, "brings many experiences." "Quite so," agreed the Judge, "and too many experiences are apt to bring old age." Miss Grace George and her husband, William A. Brady, have gone from London to the Continent. In writing to a friend Miss George says that she is delighted with Bavaria and other parts of the Continent they have visited so far, but that she is having no end of trouble with the language. Since she has commenced to enjoy the restfulness of her vacation she has developed considerable of an appetite, but she says that an appetite is one of the worst things in the world to take with one to the Continent unless one is a considerable of a linguist.

There were just two articles of food Miss George knew what to call for in Bavaria, beans and eggs, and of both she says she has eaten so much that she never will have the courage to look a hen in the face again, and she never wants to hear of beans.

Mrs. Marie Van Vorst, the Gotham author, who has lived among women-tollers, has had many amusing and odd adventures during her life as a worker. One adventure that has not heretofore been printed concerned a tactful man. She met this man on a New England road, mending a worn fence.

"Can you tell me," she said to him, "how far it is from here to the next town?" He pointed forward. "Milestone little further on will tell you," he growled. "Judicious such as this vexed Mrs. Van Vorst. "But the milestone will be no good to me, for I can't read," she said. Thereupon the tactful man chuckled a little. "Ho, ho," he said, "it is just the kind of milestone for people that can't read, for all the writin's been washed off of it."

Although Lawrence D'Orsay has played "The Earl of Pawtucket" nearly 200 times in New York, he does not know much about the city's suburbs yet. A Sunday or two ago he was invited to dine in Bay Twenty-fourth street, Bensonhurst.

His friend Harry Shwab was to see that he got there safe. He was to meet Shwab at the Brooklyn Bridge at noon. There had been a late session. He didn't get there till 12:30. Shwab had gone.

"I say, officer," said D'Orsay blantly to a Bridge policeman, "have you seen Shwab?" "Who tell's Schwab?" snapped the Bridge policeman. "A-sh," said D'Orsay apologetically. "I thought all the police knew Shwab." "D'Orsay felt vainly in his pockets for his note of invitation. "I say, officer," he asked again, "is there a place—a-a-a, a Bay Rum or something about here?" "Bay Ridge," snapped the policeman; "take this train 'n change at 'Ninety-sixth street to 'L' 'Fif Avenue." "I know I want to change through, officer," protested D'Orsay. "Well, how climatic'll where y want to go to when y don't know youself?" guffawed the policeman. "A-a-h, that's so," said D'Orsay, as he hastened uptown to find his note of invitation, murmuring "This is another example of American humor, don't you know?"

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Yes. Pronounced "Day-coal-tay."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is decollette the correct word for a woman's low-cut gown? How is it pronounced?
A. W.

Misses Old Friends.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can any animal lover tell me why the park squirrels are so apt to eat from visitors' hands in winter, no longer seem hungry when offered peanuts? Also, what's become of The Evening World's old-letter writers: C. E. Farr, John Henry, Peter Claiveros, McCormick, Conway, Letitia McStandish, the poetess, and all the rest? The letters are still as interesting as ever, but I miss the old letter-writers, whose letters I and many friends used to look for so eagerly.
H. J. EVANS, Jr.
Columbia.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Was it Columbia of Constitution which last defended the cup? A. B.

Friday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day of the week did March 27, 1885, fall?
C. T.

No Premium on 1923 Pennies.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is there any premium on 1923 pennies, and if so how much?
P. L. C.
For Husband Two Years, for Father One Year.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the correct length of time I should wear mourning, my husband having died on Dec. 26, 1902, and my father having died on March 28, 1907?
Mrs. F. B.

The Letter is Correct.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which of the following sentences is correct: "Is your brother and he partners?" or "Are your brother and he partners?"
ANXIOUS.

A Problem for Readers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will arithmetical readers solve this: If it takes fifteen men six hours to do one job, how many men will it take to do half that job in twelve hours?
J. C. B.

A FEW VAGARIES OF THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

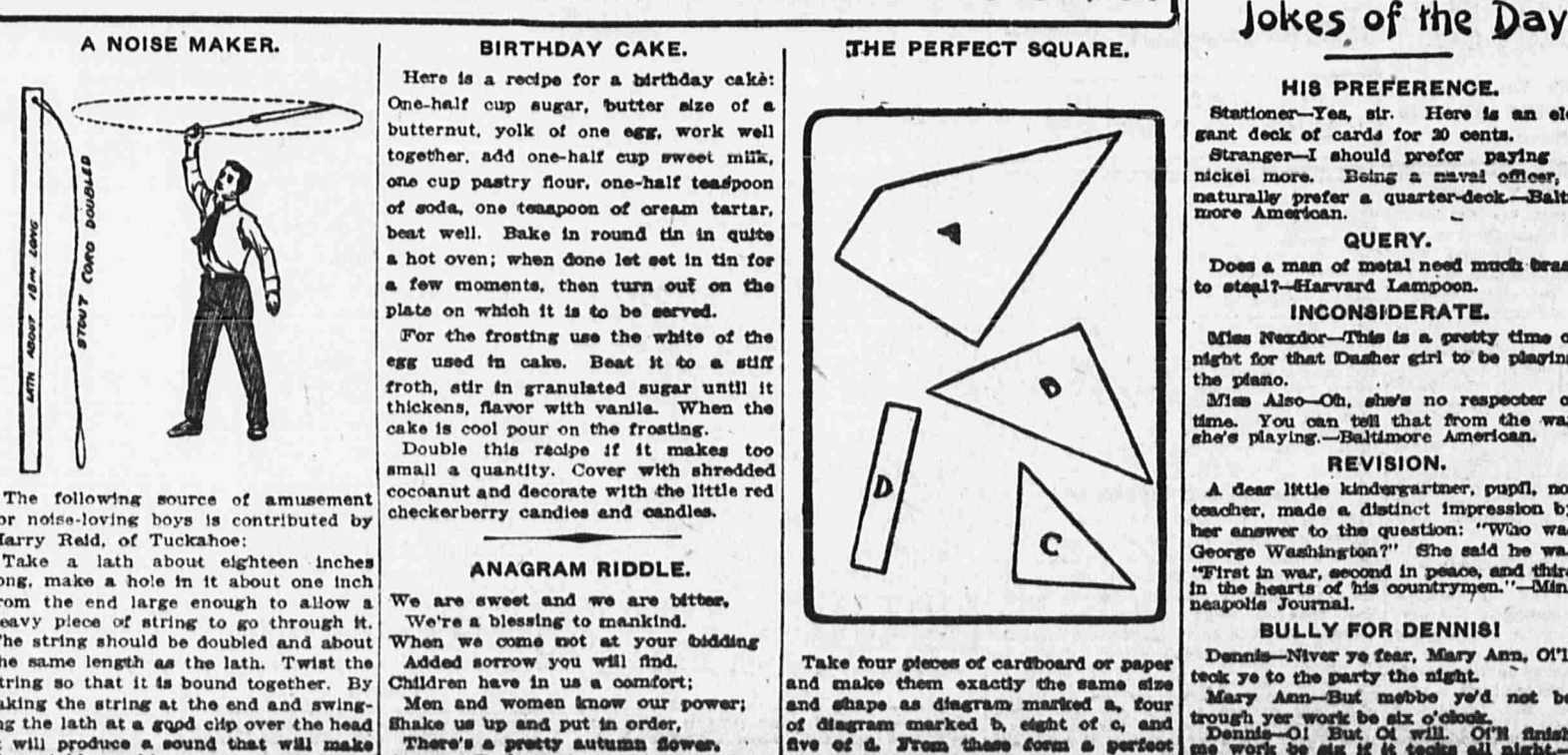


Seventy-five Baltimore factory boys, attacked by the baseball fever, struck for a weekly half-holiday in which to dally with the national game. The "midsummer madness" has already spread to many other walks of life.

Semi-tropic weather vernal wakes to life the old eternal Desire to "cut out" the office, factory or shop; And for baseball, swims and racing there's a yearning most amazing, And the workday's one glad moment is the moment when we stop.



HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.



WHY DO THEY FALL IN LOVE?

Some of the Countless Causes of Attraction.

By Helen Oldfield.

A PRETTY face, a good figure and, above all, the indescribable "something" which is denominated style; these are the qualities which in a woman appeal first to most men. They are, so to speak, the bait which attracts, even though the hook which holds the fish may consist of even more enduring charms. It is through the eye, usually, that first impressions are made.

There are few men who are not more or less susceptible to beauty in woman, and that which they most admire is of the snowy and striking kind. The modest violet rarely holds her own against the rose, except with comely countenance, and the pansy is left to wither upon the stem, while the tulip and the poppy are plucked. Still, tastes differ. "Many men of many minds" is the old saying. That which is lovely in one man's eyes may be indifferent or actually disagreeable to another.

In Persia and Turkey womanly beauty is measured by avoidpools, and fair Georgians and Circasians are fattened like prize porkers for market. The Chinese ideal calls for almond-shaped eyes and chisel feet, the beauties of West Africa elongate the upper lip until it hangs down over the point of the chin. Even among civilized peoples one man raves over golden locks and azure eyes, while another demands that "All that's best of dark and bright."

"Ally, fairy Lillian" is the name of beauty for Tom, while Dick prefers women who, like Lady Jane, are "massive," and Harry succumbs to the charms of the Gibson girl, with her tall and slender figure and graceful poise, says Helen Oldfield in the Chicago Tribune.

Next to personal beauty, the gift which is most attractive to men is that of conversation, which gift includes the faculty of making men talk and of listening with rapt attention to what they say. This talent is one which goes to influence the making of social success. Men and women, also, for that matter, like to be entertained.

However much a man may admire energetic and capable women, women who can meet him and even beat him on his own ground, he seldom or never likes them, still less is he apt to fall in love with such a one. The modern emancipation of women has only intensified the admiration for the appealing type, the so-called womanly woman, ready always to defer to masculine judgment, confident, dependent and beseeching only to be taken care of. Few and far between are the men who have any desire to marry women who are intellectually their superior, and the assumption of such superiority, especially, is never forgiven. The woman who has more brain than her lover must sit at his feet and at least pretend to learn of him. When she goes to influence him she will, if wise, make great show of consulting and of being ruled by him.

Love is like lightning in that no one can predict with any degree of assurance where it will strike. Experienced readers will readily agree that never in any grade of life did they know a social circle of any size in which there was not at least one couple, if not more, whose marriage was a continual puzzle to all their acquaintances.

The woman who can laugh and make others laugh with her, even under difficulties, has learned one of the great secrets of life. She will always be popular, and if her mirth be of the harmless, cheery sort she will be loved as well. For cheerfulness is, next to tact, the best lubricating oil for the domestic and social machines of the world.

Yet, whatever may be said, falling in love is one of the mysteries which admits of no rule for solution. Men should choose their wives as they do their gloves and shoes, to suit themselves. The result may be a misfit, perhaps, but it is sure to be one if the choice is made by proxy.

VERY OLD-FASHIONED MONEY.

"Gold, silver and copper are not the only commodities that have been used as money," says George C. Evans in his "History of the Mint." "Tin was used in ancient Syracuse and Britain; iron in Sparta; cattle in Rome and Germany; platinum in Russia; lead in Burmah; nails in Scotland; silk in China; cubes of pressed tea in Tartary; salt in Abyssinia; slaves among the Anglo-Saxons; tobacco in the earliest settlements of Virginia; codfish in Newfoundland; bullets and wampum in Massachusetts; logwood in Campeachy; sugar in the West Indies, and soap in Mexico. Money of leather and wood was in circulation in the early days of Rome, and the natives of Siam, Bengal and some parts of Africa used the brilliantly colored cowry shell to represent value, and some travellers allege that it is still in use in the remote portions of the last-named country. But the moneys of all civilized nations have been for the greater part made of gold, silver, copper and bronze."

"AS A MAN THINKETH."

They tell me I am poor, and pity me,
Because with worldly goods I'm not endowed;
But while I have two eyes with which to see
The birds that nest in yonder swaying tree,
And to listen to their warbled melody I am allowed;
While the perfumes of a thousand flowers rise
Like incense 'round my humble cottage door,
And the natives of Siam, Bengal and some parts of Africa
Used the brilliantly colored cowry shell to represent value,
And some travellers allege that it is still in use in the remote portions of the last-named country.
But the moneys of all civilized nations have been for the greater part made of gold, silver, copper and bronze.

Until I feel no need of Paradise, I am not poor.
CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



See, Children, on our Pedestal,
Great Magistrate Cornell.
My! But the women must feel vain
At finding out that he doth deign
To indorse their errant flatterer, Crane!
The admiration he'll thus gain
Should last him quite a spell.